

Becomes 137

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Bill's POV

Sarah and Kevin nod. Sarah says, "We got this, Bill. Let's make it happen."

I know it's going to take a while to remake the entire presentation. I'm glad that they're both here to help.

Suddenly, Kevin's phone buzzes on the table. He glances at the screen, then looks at me apologetically. "Sorry, Mr. Richardson, I have to take this call. It's urgent."

I grit my teeth but manage a nod. "Make it quick, Kevin."

Kevin steps out, leaving Sarah and me to handle the huge task in front of us. I turn to Sarah, who is already diving into her notes.

"Alright," I say, pulling up a blank presentation template. "Let's get to work. We don't have much time."

We work side by side, the clock ticking relentlessly. Sarah's efficiency is incredible, and her calm presence helps keep my rising anxiety in check. Slide by slide, the presentation begins to take shape again.

Minutes turn into hours, and there's still no sign of Kevin. I glance at the clock, feeling the pressure mount. "Where the hell is Kevin?" I mutter under my breath.

Sarah looks up briefly, her expression tense but focused. "We can't wait for him, Bill. We have to keep going."

"You're right. Let's focus on getting this done."

We keep working non-stop, rebuilding the slides from memory and adding new ideas. Sarah's attention to detail balances my big-picture thinking. I realize we're a dynamic duo when we put our minds to it. *wW.novE1WoRm.C.m*

Finally, after what feels like an eternity, we piece together the last slide. The new presentation isn't quite as polished as the original, but it's solid and actually better, with more details we had missed before. Most importantly, it's ready.

I lean back, wiping the sweat from my brow. "We did it."

Sarah gives me a reassuring smile. "You're going to do great, Bill."

I nod, taking a deep breath as I gather my materials and head to the conference

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room. Walking down the hall, I mentally rehearse my key points, reminding myself of the hours of hard work that led to this moment.

This is it. I'm ready to give it my all for this presentation. I just hope Frederick remains on board after this.

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"Good morning, everyone," I begin, my voice steady. "Thank you all for being here today. Let's get started." *Ww(w).novE1WoRm.C.m*

I click the remote, and the first slide appears on the screen. As I talk through our recent achievements, strategic goals, and new partnerships, I notice some of the shareholders nodding in agreement.

As I transition to the slides on risk management and innovation, I glance at

Frederick. He's sitting at the far end of the table. Unlike the other shareholders, he's not nodding or showing any visible reaction. I can't tell if he's impressed, skeptical, or simply indifferent.

"We've also expanded into new markets," I say, highlighting the recent partnerships that Sarah and I emphasized in the revised presentation. "These collaborations position us for significant growth and increased market share."

I glance at Frederick again. Still no reaction. It kills me not knowing what he thinks.

I wrap up with a strong statement about our future vision and our commitment to long-term value for shareholders.

"...and with your support, we can keep achieving great things together," I conclude, clicking to the final slide. "Thank you."

The room is quiet for a moment before a few shareholders start clapping. I exhale slowly, feeling relieved.

John Hutcherson, one of the more vocal shareholders, stands up and smiles. "Great job, Bill. That was exactly what we needed to hear about the company's future." *Ww(w).novE1WoRm.C.m*

Another shareholder, Margaret Lee, chimes in. "I agree. Your plan for expanding into new markets is really promising. Well done."

I smile, the tension easing from my shoulders. "I'm glad to hear that. We've put a lot of thought into this strategy, and I really believe it's the right move for us."

I glance around the room, then back at Frederick. "I'd love to hear any thoughts or

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questions you might have," I say.

One of the shareholders, Martin Reed, raises his hand. His lips are pressed into a thin line, and his eyes narrow slightly.

"Bill, I appreciate your vision for the company. It's certainly ambitious," Martin says. "But given the recent controversies, how can we be sure that other companies will trust us enough to form these new partnerships?"

The room erupts into whispers. I can feel the sweat starting to bead on my forehead, and my heart beats faster. Despite the great presentation, some of the board members are still doubting me. I can see it in their eyes and hear it in their hushed conversations.

I have to think of a way to get them on my side again.